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Book and Job Printing
EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

POETRY.

Written for the Democrat.

FRIENDSHIP.

'Tis not when hope shines o'er our paths,
And brightly beams our sky,
And gladdens with its happy hues—
Light up the upgazing eye—
'Tis not when earth seems bright and fair,
And Fortune's gifts surround,
When the glad heart with rapture, fills—
That Friendship's worth is found.

But when affliction's hour doth come,
And clouded is Hope's ray,
When sorrows crowd around, and shut
The light of Life's glad day—
Then as a sunbeam o'er the fount
Where troubled waters roll,
So fits its warm and cheering light
Upon the care-worn soul.

The flame of Love more radiant glows,
And casts a brighter gleam,
But Friendship, like the night's pale gem,
Burns with a steadier beam:
This lights the chilling frosts of age,
And gilds Life's closing day;
That flashes like a meteor bright,
And quickly fades away.

Then let us cherish in our hearts,
This priceless gem divine,
That when the clouds of sorrow low,
Its light may o'er us shine
And when the hour of death is past,
When clost is Life's warm spell,
May our freed soul, beyond the sky,
In deathless Friendship dwell.

Peris, Me. MALVINA.

NIGHT.

From the root the farewell light,
Flung backward by the setting sun,
And silence deepens as the night
Steals with its solemn shadows on!
Gathers the soft, refreshing dew,
On springing grass and flowered stems—
And lo! the overspreading blue
Is radiant with a thousand gems!

Not only doth the voiceful day
Thy loving kindness, Lord, proclaim—
But night with its sublime array
Of worlds, doth magnify Thy name!
Yea—while adoring seraphim
Before Thee bend the willing knee,
From every star a choral hymn
Goes up perpetually to Thee!

Day unto day doth utter speech,
And night to night Thy voice makes known:
Through all the earth where thought may reach
Is heard the glad and solemn tone—
And worlds, beyond the farthest star
Whose light hath reached a human eye,
Crown the high and low! etc. etc.

On, holy Father! and the calm
And quietness of the evening hour,
We, too, would lift our solemn psalm
To praise Thy goodness, and Thy power!
For over us, as over all,
Thy tender mercies still extend,
Nor vainly shall the contrite call
On Thee, our Father and our Friend.

Kept by Thy goodness through the day,
Thanksgiving to thy name we pour—
Night o'er us, with its stars—we pray
Thy love to guard us evermore!
In grief, console—in gladness bless—
In darkness, guide—in sickness, cheer—
Till, in the Saviour's righteousness,
Before Thy throne our souls appear!

CALVIN.

POPULAR TALES.

THE RECLAIMED WIFE.

BY J. AUSTIN SPERRY.

Marianna Worthington had long reigned the belle of her circle. From the moment she had quitted her boarding-school, an accomplished and beautiful girl of seventeen, she had been besieged by admirers and suitors, with a perseverance that had not been equalled in the annals of the town. Yet at twenty-three she had made no conquest. She could not refuse the man she loved, and in doing her best, he insured her into her mother's house. The atmosphere of the city—on exchange—a life of the world—admirers were not diminished. Do you ask why? Mr. Sydor was rejected. His parents were long remained, calling to their prayers. His profession was the Law, and though young, there believe her entirely devoid of those gentle qualities which are the advantages of an excellent education, and a well cultivated mind, he could not

Paris, Maine, Tuesday, April 22, 1845.

Old Series, No. 2, Vol. 14.

her own reflections, as she reclined upon a rich lounge, in her pleasant boudoir, one warm afternoon in the spring of 1830. She was habited in a single loose robe of white, and her position of heroine, and the capitol of one of the Western States, which, for reasons of our own, shall not be specified.

One month after the morning ride referred to, our heroine was spending an evening with a select company at a friend's; Mr. Sydor was present. His attentions to the ladies were general; and one could scarce have detected in his manner a preference for any particular one; but during the evening, a single sentence which escaped him revealed a secret to all who heard it. Several of the ladies had been singing, and when it became Miss Worthington's turn, he approached her and said—

"Marianna, will you favor us with that pretty boat song of yours?"

And her admirers, none had ever before presumed to address her by a more familiar title than that of "Miss Worthington." Significant glances were exchanged among the company, and it was soon whispered that the haughty beauty was "engaged." So in truth she was. In less than a year, she became Mrs. Sydor.

The first year succeeding her marriage we shall pass over in silence. At the end of that period we shall introduce the reader into an apartment of Mr. Sydor's dwelling. It was about ten at night, and the young wife was sitting at her workstand. A piece of embroidery at which she had been vainly endeavoring to fix her mind—"why is it that I, who for years have been followed, and flattered, and courted, by the handsome, the talented, and the wealthy, not only of this, my native place, but I verily believe of almost all the States in the Union, have never loved. They say I am proud—that is not so; for I am sure I have given them all a fair mark; and if it has been so far unfeigned, if all their efforts have failed to make an impression upon it—it is not because I would, but I cannot love. I say I am not proud, because, although I have dismissed their suits, I have treated none haughtily or with scorn. And yet after all, pride may have something to do with it. Their flattery and their homage has spoiled me, and caused me to look down upon them—whereas if they had approached me differently—approached me with a little more confidence in themselves—a little manifestation of consciousness of their own equality, perhaps even superiority—I might have learned to have looked up to, to have admired; yes, loved some one of them. Well, mother and father think it is high time I were well married, and to say the truth, I have not much inclination, to a life of celibacy—it will be so lonely when one grows old and wrinkled, and has no admirers, to be amused with; besides, I may be standing in the way of my dear younger sisters. Dear! dear! I think I could love, if I could find a proper lover. I've plenty of wrens—will nobody win me?" And she rose, laughing at her own silly thoughts—proceeded to her toilet, and commenced a variety of little arrangements, a detail of which would not perhaps be interesting. She was going to an evening fete.

The next morning, about ten o'clock, or a little after, the fair Marianna, attired in a plain but costly riding-habit, sat in her drawing room, waiting for the servant to announce that her horse was ready, for her morning ride. She was seated pensively by a polished table, one arm resting upon it and her eyes cast down, while one fair hand absently twirled the handle of her riding-whip among the elastic curls which dropped down from beneath the velvet cap. We will again expose our thoughts.

"Well, am I in love at last? I really am half inclined to think I am—my heart palpitated when his clear, cold eye rested upon me and I'm afraid that for once in my life my face glowed with a guilty blush. Guilty of love?—no, no; I despise him! It is only that my vanity is wounded by his indifference, that my thoughts thus dwell upon him. Not a compliment, nor a languishing glance, nor a tender word!—and then how leisurely he sauntered for his hat when I was ready to leave! It is plain he considered it no extraordinary honor to be permitted to escort Miss Worthington to her home. And have I found enough to fall in love with a man who manifests no disposition to fall in love with me?"

At this moment her husband entered. He did not observe her angry looks, but laying some Bank bills upon the table before her, said—

"Marianna, I shall be out of town to-morrow. Here are one hundred dollars, fifty of which I wish you to give to the trustees of the poor who will call in the morning. If you go out during the day, I wish you to leave the other fifty at Mr. Bradshaw's, for the Mechanic's Library Association. And, stay—I promised to give something towards erecting the new Academy. If the commissioners call, set down one hundred dollars to my name. I will pay it when I return."

"Spare me!" said his wife, and her fingers encircled with an expression of bitter

"acute popularity by the use of their influence—others are contented to obey."

The husband's countenance at first exhibited the most decided aversion, as we replied—

"You wrong my motives, my dear; I do not desire popularity; I am only trying to do what little good in the world my means enable me to do."

"Very plausible," she returned; "I wonder your philanthropy did not induce you to accept your nomination yesterday, as in case of your election you would have had an opportunity of carrying out those political measures which you hold so essential to the good of your country."

"Marianna, it is your silly pride which prompts you to speak in this strain," replied he, regarding her with a look of mingled sorrow and reproach.

"You are insulting!" exclaimed the wife, and with a step of offended dignity she hastily left the room.

It would be difficult to say whether Sydor was most pained or astonished at this demonstration of his temper. Scarcely knowing how to act, and not caring to exasperate her further, he did not follow her, but taking off his coat, threw himself upon a sofa, where he passed a night of sleepless and feverish solicitude. This was the first angry scene which had occurred between them; it proved but the precursor of others, and more lamentable ones. In a few months more they separated, and Marianna returned to her father's house. Mr. Sydor, in his ignorance, or want of understanding, or natural stupidity, he loved her. Yet to our eyes, he was a good man, and though it is true they were not in love, he still clung to his memory to his death. Marianna had been led her to spend some days with a relative in the country.

About six miles distant from the city, in a fishing boat at a little distance, who had witnessed the scene, now hastened to their relief, and a few minutes afterward, the lady, restored to the arms of the half-f狂的 Gov-

ings of the heart which render the sex worthy of the love and honour which men accord them.

"She does possess those better feelings," thought he, "but they are swallowed up in her girlish pride. If that were once cured, she would then become what my fancy believed her; divested of her vanity, she is not, cannot be the heartless being she seems. It must be left to time—I will hope for the best."

We will not dwell upon the rumors and suspicions which the separation gave rise to among the scandal-loving of the little capital, or upon the misery and unhappiness of which these rumors were the source to the deserted husband. He met them all, however, with an undisturbed front; his life went on in its wonted course, and he went about his daily pursuits with his usual composure. Whatever his sorrows, he bidden them close in his own breast, or only indulged them in solitude. In the society of his friends, he never countenanced or permitted any allusion to the subject. Marianna was equally prudent in keeping counsel, so that notwithstanding all the speculations of very worthy gossips, the cause of the separation, and whether he or she was in fault, remained a profound secret.

Although Mrs. Sydor retired to her father's house, she did not altogether withdraw from the world. She occasionally graced her former circles, and the consequences was that her old admirers again crowded around her. Some of them, indeed, saw in her present position a peculiar attraction; which rendered them doubly zealous to court her society; but self-respect might her prudence, and she held them at a respectful distance. Among her own sex, she renewed the closest intimacy with many of her old companions, married and unmarried, and her drawing room soon became their favorite resort, to which of the other sex very few indeed found access, and those of the most unexceptionable reputation. Yet among that few there was one who was destined to prove a dangerous foe to her peace.

In Raymond Devoe, were united a brilliant, if not a deep mind, and personal attractions of no common order; he possessed an almost intuitive faculty of reading human character and countenance; consummate hypocrisy with a versatility of talent and fluency of speech, which enabled him to adapt himself to any and every society he might fall into. At the time of Mari-

anna's separation from her husband, he was, or seemed to be, paying serious attentions to one of her younger sisters, and was thus thrown much into her company. To whatever degree his feelings might have inclined toward the younger sister, they soon became converted into a new interest, and the young wife became the object of a passion as violent as it was reprehensible.

He did not discern enough to foresee that his game would be a desperate one, but he resolved to try the hazard; and accordingly premeditated a course in which all the refinements of subtlety he was master of was brought to bear. He

discreetly discarded the ordinary love-tactics—sighs, tender glances, impassioned tones, and graceful compliments—and approached her with that most delicate of all species of flattery which can be addressed to a sensible woman—an affection of profound and distant respect—practising in her presence a reserve which she could not fail to construe into tacit admiration. If she broached a favorite topic, he knew, too, just when to grow eloquent, that it might seem he was warned by her words unconscious to him. "I will pay it when I return."

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the old-fashioned residence of Mrs. Sydor's relative.—The country around it was uneven and picturesque, with alternate contrasts of forest and arable land. From the rear of the house a handsome garden extended some hundred yards to the river, and here, upon the high bank, was erected a pleasant little arbour, from whence, the opposite country, for miles up and down the stream, afforded a delightful prospect. In this arbour, toward the decline of a clear day in September, Marianna was seated alone. She had

repaired thither not so much to enjoy the scenery, as to indulge some melancholy reflections that had for a few days past occupied her mind, and the nature of which we must explain. The relative whose guest she was, a childless uncle, who, when she was quite young, had taken a fancy to her, and prevailed upon her parents to allow him partially to rear and educate her. Thus her early years had been divided between her paternal roof and her uncle's, and her attachment to the latter was little less than to the former. The old man dearly loved her. Upon one of his late visits to the city, he had heard some scandalous whispers of her intimacy with Devoe, and upon the occasion of her present sojourn with him, he had thought it his duty to inform her of them, and admonish her of the consequences of her indiscretion. His counsels had set her to thinking. To whatever extent her vanity might have been gratified by Devoe's admiration, she was as yet innocent of harbouring a thought that could sully her virtue, and her first knowledge that she was an object of such suspicions, was harrowing enough. Her eyes became opened to her real position, and she began to see her error. When we can bring ourselves to acknowledge one error, there is hope for us. One error will convince us of another, until at length we begin to "see ourselves as others see us." Having once become conscious that her conduct had been wrong since her separation from her husband, and that her vanity had been the source of all, Marianna could not conceal from herself the truth that she had also been wrong in the dissensions which had led to that separation, and that all her subsequent errors had sprung from the same thoughtless source. The limits of our story will not allow us to pursue all the workings of her mind in its salutary change; but it will not be difficult for the reader to convince how remorse followed conviction, and with it came a yearning of the heart toward the husband she had injured and deserted. This was the state of her feelings as she sat gazing out from the little arbour we have mentioned.

Upon the opposite side of the river stood a splendid new edifice, the grounds adjoining which were laid out in a style of modern elegance. This was the country seat of the new-elected Governor of the State. He was a member of the same party with Sydor, and it was said that only by the influence of the latter had he been enabled to carry the election. From the Governor's house along the gravelled coach road which led to the turnpike bridge, some distance down the river, Marianna beheld the figures leisurely moving: A spy-glass lay upon a table near her, and applying it to her eye, by its aid she recognized in turn, the Governor himself, her own husband, and a graceful female, whom she presumed to be the Governor's wife. The two former were engaged in close conversation the subject of which did not seem to be of much interest to the lady, for she presently quickened her pace, and proceeded a little way before them. At the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the house, the road approached to within a stone's throw of a cliff, which overhung the river. Intersecting this cliff, at right angles to the water, was a long narrow ravine or chasm, over which the road was extended by a wooden bridge. The lady pursued her way over the bridge, but Sydor and the Governor were so intent upon the theme they were debating, that they had diverted from the road, apparently unconsciously to themselves, and were nearing the angle of the cliff. When they discovered their mistake, and they turned toward the bridge. As if startled by something they observed, in a brief time, power over her mind, which was not less than his anticipations, and just when to grow eloquent, that it might seem he was warned by her words unconscious to him. Sydor started to the verge of the chasm, with a desperate leap barely cleared it, and rushed onward. Marianna, in excitement at the scene, had risen to her feet, and following him with her eyes, soon perceived the cause of alarm. The Governor's wife, upon the other side of the ravine, had approached the verge of the cliff, and probably to obtain a better view of some distant point had laid hold of one of the branches of an old tree, which grew vertically from the steep bank, and leaning over too far, lost her balance; the bough, yielding with her weight, had swung outward, and she was thus suspended by her hands, above the water, with her feet upon the edge of the cliff, but without sufficient strength to regain her former position. Reaching the spot, and seeing at a glance she could not be recovered to the top of the cliff, Sydor threw himself over, seizing the bough with one hand, and with the other arm securing the lady. The weight of both upon the pliant branch, at once bore it down, letting them drop gently upon a narrow ledge near the water. Here his foothold was not too secure, but the gallant rescuer managed to sustain himself and the lady, by inserting the fingers of one hand into a crevice in the bank. Marianna could not restrain a cry of admiration at her husband's interplay, nor could she suppress a pang of momentary jealousy, as she beheld him standing thus with one arm around the lady, while she, with hers thrown around his neck, clung in terror to his breast. Some person in a fishing boat at a little distance, who had witnessed the scene, now hastened to their relief, and a few minutes afterward, the lady, restored to the arms of the half-f狂的 Gov-

error, the party were retracing their steps back to the house. Entering the room where the family were seated she sunk exhausted and ap- plied upon a chair. To the anxious inquiries of her aunt, she only faltered—"O, my poor husband, why did I ever leave him?" Despairing to learn from her, until she became calmer, the source of her agitation, and as she appeared to fail, she was taken to her chamber and placed

in bed. The Governor entered immediately after, who informed them of the scene he had just witnessed. Ere he took his leave, Mariana was suffering with a high fever, which the over excitement of that hour, together with other causes, had brought on. Through the long night that succeeded, her fever did not abate, and she passed the hours in a state of wakeful restlessness that bordered upon delirium. Towards morning she fell into a fitful slumber, broken by startling dreams among which, not the least un- pleasant, were those of returning to her husband and being cast away from him with words of anger. Now she pillow'd her head upon his bosom, and his kindly tones fell upon her ears, as of old—again, he spurned her from his arms; but now dark, as she had never seen it before. Her pride was not yet conquered. When she became calmer, her haggard spirit revolted at the thought of returning humbled to ask his forgiveness. Perhaps, too, he no longer regarded her with the same affection, and would receive her coldly. No—she would not now return—he should never have an opportunity to retaliate and repulse her. The trouble she has brought upon herself, she would bear in silence, and none should ever know of her penitence, to taunt her with it. Thus ever, when our better genius is building up some little of good in our hearts, does the arch demon, Pride, steal in to mar the fair fabric.

Two days after the incident above stated, the Governor was expected during the afternoon to visit Worthington-place on some matter of business with Mariana's uncle. Knowing her husband to be the Governor's guest, our heroine resolved to avoid meeting the latter, for she was fearful the subject of her separation might be alluded to him; and this, in her present state of mind, she could not bear without an agitation, she cared not to betray. After having dined, therefore, taking her bonnet, and not neglecting to provide herself with a favorite poet, she issued forth to spend a few hours "under the shadow of melancholy boughs." A short walk across the fields brought her to a strip of wood, which, from the absence of undergrowth, its fresh green carpet of short grass, the grateful shade the spreading oaks afforded, and the solemn music of the deep murmuring breeze, that rustled through the lofty canopy, was a delightful and inspiring retreat. She had not rambled far into this wood when a slight sound behind her, of the snapping of a dry twig beneath the weight of a footstep, startled her, and turning, she beheld a man approaching her, whose face, above all others, was certainly, at that moment, not one she could have desired to see. It was Raymond Devoe.

However loth she might have been to meet him then and there, he was so close she could not, without a breach of civility, have avoided him. Extending her hand in some confusion, as he gained her side, she exclaimed—

"Richard, return—forgive me!—I am crimsoned!"

In an instant he was again at her side—in another she was clasped in his arms. She could only weep upon his breast. No medicine like joy to the sick mind and body—no physician like a sudden jerk in a proper direction. An old man of some 70 years who had been unable to walk across the room for some time past is now able to stand up straight and with perfect ease. A lady who had been unable to dress herself during the winter, is now perfectly well. All those operations are said to have been done in less than a minute each. Wonderful!

From the Pittsburg Post of April 11.

TREMENDOUS CONFLAGRATION IN PITTSBURG—20 SQUARES OF THE CITY IN RUINS—FROM 1,000 TO 1,200 HOUSES DESTROYED.

Morse's Telegraph. It is said that arrangements have been made for continuing the Telegraph from Baltimore to New Orleans. The *Baltimore Sun* states that on the 8th inst. a contract was closed and signed with Amos Kendall, the agent of Morse, for this purpose. H. H. O'Callahan of New Orleans *Crescent City* is the proprietor of the *Sun*, and is evidently stretching wires from New Orleans, whereby he will be able to obtain news for his paper twenty-four hours in advance of the mail.

Although his object is to convey the general interests of public interests exclusively for his own paper, it will be open to the public at an established rate for the transmission of business communications, &c., the same as it were under control of the United States or a chartered company, whilst the regular issuing of extras from his office will place the news received through it in the hands of the public with all the facility that may be desired.

A line from Baltimore to Harrisburg, is also in contemplation.

The Manchester Murder—Arrest and Discharge. On Saturday morning, in Charleston, Mr. Benish S. Ellsworth, of Manchester, N. H., was arrested upon suspicion that he was connected with the murder of Mr. Parker, on the 23rd of March. A despatch was sent up to Manchester for the committee of investigation, and they came down in the evening, and laid to the charge of Ellsworth, and satisfied themselves that he could not be the murderer. He was not absent from Charleston during the eventful day of the murder.

A Queer Idea. To get rid of the thousands of young working-women who are out of employ, it is proposed to form a society and raise \$25,000 by subscription to provide free tickets for their passage to Chicago, Milwaukee, etc., for such young women as may choose to migrate Westward in search of employment, health and happiness.

GREAT ROBBERY. A great robbery was committed on board the iron-boat Clinton, of Poughkeepsie, on N. Y., between 2nd and 5 P. M., on the 7th inst., five packages of the bills of the Farmers & Merchants Bank, of Poughkeepsie, (belonging to said bank) containing in the whole \$12,800; one other package belonging to the bank of Poughkeepsie, containing \$10,000 to bills of the Merchant's Exchange Bank, in the city of New York, and which last package is supposed to have contained \$20,000 in bills of the bank of Poughkeepsie, in addition to the \$10,000. Also \$1,200 which was to be used to pay the expenses for which the packages were sent.

The robbers got in the afternoon, and the were four \$100 bills upon the Merchants Bank, in the city of New York, and belonging to the proprietors of the boat.

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The Mormons. We learn from the Warsaw, being known here only as the counter part of the Mormons, that most of the friends of Rigdon, who Law and Order party: in other words as the still remain in Navajo have been despoiled of their property, and live in constant fear for their lives.—One of these, Elder Marks, a man of wealth, fled from that city last week, in the night.

Others are anxious to go, but are afraid to do it. A young man, a printer, by the name of Peck, well known in Quincy, was knocked down long since in the street of Navajo, and after being shamefully abused, a bucket of filth was poured over him. His offence was in having said that he wished it were in his power to prick the veins of the twelve.

Early Potatoes.—The potato may be brought forward some weeks earlier in the season, simply by putting the seed where it will sprout before planting. If a stratum of horse dung (unfermented) be placed in some sunny and sheltered position—say from three to five inches deep—and a quantity of fine garden mould thrown over it, potatoes, deposited beneath the surface of the latter, will soon vegetate and be ready for planting in two to four weeks sooner than those in the sun.

Will somebody send us the National Intelligencer containing the debate on the admission of Florida? We should be very grateful for it.

Dr. Sewall of Washington city, is dead. He was a native of Augusta Me., and an eminent and beloved man.

A PICTURE OF ALGERINEISM, BY ONE OF THEIR OWN ARTISTS.

The following letter from Mr Jackson, the newly elected Governor of Rhode Island—himself a "Law and order" man, but disgusted with the heartlessness of his late compatriots—embodies too much useful information to be laid aside without reading. It will be noticed by this statement of an opponent, what the people of Rhode Island had to complain of, and for opposing which the patriot Dorr is imprisoned in a felon's cell. It will be noticed also what is the character of the Algerine party of Rhode Island, with which the Whig or Federal party throughout the country is intimately identified, and which it sustained and defended in all its iniquity, under the pretence of sustaining "Law and Order."

PROVIDENCE, April 8th 1845.

HON. L. C. Q. E. BER.—Dear Sir—I have just received your speech on the Rhode Island question, franked by yourself, a partial report of which I read some time since with great pleasure. On perusing it again I am happy to say that I cordially respond to your doctrines.

As early as January 1841, I put forth similar views in our Legislature, I saw then that a change in our suffrage and representation was inevitable. The one was a conservative, and the other "rotten borough" in the worst form. The town of Jamestown, for instance, with 500 inhabitants had as many representatives as Smithfield with 10,000. Portsmouth with 1600, had as many as this city with 24,000. Public attention never having been particularly concentrated upon these inequalities our charter had worked well enough up to the above period.

But when the people commenced forming Suffrage Associations and petitioning the Assembly, it appeared to me the time had arrived for opening the franchise and equalizing the Representation. Had remedial measures been immediately adopted by the government, these disturbances would not, in my judgment, have occurred. The past, however, cannot be helped, and, much as I regretted that the wishes of the people were not met at once, I did not think the evils sought to be remedied were sufficiently grievous to justify a resort to revolutionary conduct. I therefore opposed all the proceedings from first to last, in accordance with the "People's Constitution." In short, I abominated the Law and Order party, and took arms with others to subdue the Charter Government.

The People, as you are aware, since that time—viz. in 1842—formally adopted the Constitution under which the Government of this State is now organized. In the mean while Mr. Dorr has been tried, convicted and imprisoned. His present unhappy situation is a constant source of discomfort and trouble in the state and out of the state. Neither his party nor the Law and Order party can disband while he remains in prison.

It is my strong opinion that the best way to obtain a bill of Empson from the Legislature is to get up a question of amendment and general amnesty. To accomplish this I consented to have my name placed at the head of the liberation ticket. I hoped that such a ticket would be supported by all who were favorable to the tranquillity of the state. The democratic party as a condition precedent to my standing, passed unanimously (as is full convention from all parts of the state) resolutions acknowledging the unqualified terms the validity of the existing constitution. After this there were no material points of difference between the two parties on such subjects. Both are now on the platform of the Constitution; both are now for Law and Order.

The honor of the state is more effectually saved by the conservative character of the resolutions, binding as they do a whole party, than it would be by the oath of any individual under arrest. Hence there is now no good reason for keeping Mr. Dorr in prison and withholding from him the rights of a citizen.

The secret is that the organization of the Law and Order party has inherent concentrations in the mode of a liquid the whole point of the state. The Whig party as such has been nominally detested for more than a year, and the Democratic party has lost the distinctive character it bears in other States.

CHARLES JACKSON.

HANOVERFIELD, N. J., April 20, 1843.

On or about the 13th day of October, 1841, I was

in a visit to my son in the city of New York, which

continued on account of his studies, when I was

invited to a meeting of the

Algerine party, at which

the meeting was to be held in the

Meeting House of the

Methodist Church, in

the city of New York.

At this meeting I was present, and

gave it my full support.

Many other remedies were then proposed by my wife and friends, but none did me any good—and the discharge of blood and corruption still continued every few days, and at last became so offensive that I could scarcely breathe. I was seized with a violent cough, which at times caused me to raise much more blood than I had done before, and my disease continued in this way, still growing worse, until February, when all hope of my recovery was given up, and my friends all thought I would die of a galloping Consumption. At length, when my life was apparently drawing near its end, Dr. Walter B. Green of Woodstock, and grandfather of my wife, arrived immediately, and, by the use of his skill, and some medicine, all my pains were soon over—my cough and spitting of blood and corruption entirely stopped, and a few weeks my health was so far restored as to enable me to work at my trade, (which is a carpenter) and up to this time I have enjoyed good health.

THOMAS COZENS.

GLOUCESTER COUNTY, N. J., 1843.

Personally engaged with subscriber, one of the

Justices of the Peace, and the Committee of

Assessors, and being duly authorized to do so, I

affix my name to the following:

J. CLEMENT, J. J.

STATE OF MAINE.

LEWISTON, April 20, 1843.

To the Sheriff of our County of Oxford, or his Deputy,

and any Constable of any town in said County,

GREETING.

Ye command you to attach the goods or estate of

John C. Ellsworth, of Fitchburg, in said County,

Cookshire, to the value of one hundred dollars; and

summon the said defendant, (if he may be found in your

district) to appear before our Justice of the Peace in said District, 1st, 2d, or 3d to be held at Paris, in and for our said County of Oxford on the second day of April next, 1843, and the same to be held at Paris on the 2d day of April next, 1843, and the same to be held at Paris on the 3d day of April next, 1843, and the same to be held at Paris on the 4th day of April next, 1843, and the same to be held at Paris on the 5th day of April next, 1843, and the same to be held at Paris on the 6th day of April next, 1843, and the same to be held at Paris on the 7th day of April next, 1843, and the same to be held at Paris on the 8th day of April next, 1843, and the same to be held at Paris on the 9th day of April next, 1843, and the same to be held at Paris on the 10th day of April next, 1843, and the same to be held at Paris on the 11th day of April next, 1843, and the same to be held at Paris on the 12th day of April next, 1843, and the same to be held at Paris on the 13th day of April 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